EPIC COMICS

#8 IN AN EIGHT-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES

ELEKTRA™

Assassin

ELEKTRA 8
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ELEKTRA Assassin

—THE LOST YEARS—

EX-PRESIDENT TRIED TO START WORLD WAR THREE, SAYS AIDE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Former Presidential aide Jeff Rictus claimed that the Ex-President tried to launch a full nuclear attack on Soviet Russia upon learning of Ken Wind's election night victory. Rictus made his remarks at a press conference today.

Rictus detailed what he called "a psychotic episode" on the part of the Ex-President.

"He was screaming," said Rictus, "we had to drag him to the floor and pry the box from his fingers."

"The box" is White House slang for the device by which the President can commit U.S. nuclear weaponry. It is never more than six feet from the President.

The Ex-President was unavailable for comment.

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Chapter Eight

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

KEN WIND WAS POSSESSED BY A DEMON OUT TO DESTROY THE WORLD THROUGH NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON.

KEN WIND WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, BY THE BIGGEST LANDSLIDE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

THAT WAS FOUR MONTHS AGO.

FOUR MONTHS... NOW I'M LISTENING TO CHASTITY GIVE WITH THE OFFICIAL STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED ON ELECTION NIGHT.

IT'S GOOD FOR A LAUGH...

S.H.I.E.L.D

SPECIAL REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT, COMMANDER CHASTITY McBRYDE, DICTATING, FROM SUBSEA BASE TWELVE.

OUR INVESTIGATION INTO THE ELECTION NIGHT ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT IS NOW FOUR MONTHS OLD, AND HAS, AS YET, FAILED TO YIELD CONCLUSIVE RESULTS.

WE REMAIN UNABLE TO ASCERTAIN THE IDENTITY OF THE ***LEADER*** OF THE CONSPIRACY, NOR DO WE KNOW WHY SHE TRIED TO ***KILL*** YOU, MR. PRESIDENT.

SHE AND HER ***COLLABORATOR***, FORMER ***SHIELD*** AGENT ***GARRETT***, REMAIN UNRESPONSIVE TO INTERROGATION...

STEADY FEED. SYNAPSE SCAN. STEP IT UP.

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON. KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON.

...WHILE ***MIND PROBES*** HAVE PRODUCED ***BEWILDERING*** READINGS. THE ***WOMAN'S*** BRAIN SEEMS FUNCTIONAL ONLY ON THE ***MOST PRIMITIVE*** LEVEL REQUIRED TO KEEP HER ***ALIVE***.

GARRETT, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS IN THE GRIP OF A REPEATED VISUAL ***FANTASY*** FEATURING ***YOU*** AND A ***MONSTER***--OR ***DEMON***--CALLED THE ***BEAST***...

--ENGINEERING A *NUCLEAR WAR*. OUR *PARAPSYCH* DIVISION HAS SUGGESTED THAT THIS *DELUSION* WAS PART OF THE WOMAN'S *MENTAL DOMINATION* OF GARRETT.

...YES, SIR. *PARAPSYCH* IS TENTATIVELY *CERTAIN* THAT THE *WOMAN* WAS IN *CONTROL* OF GARRETT'S *ACTIONS FOR WEEKS* BEFORE THE ELECTION NIGHT ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE.

FROM MY OWN ENCOUNTER WITH HER, I CAN TESTIFY THAT HER *PSYCHIC* ABILITIES ARE AS EXTENSIVE AS THOSE SHE DEMONSTRATED IN *COMBAT*.

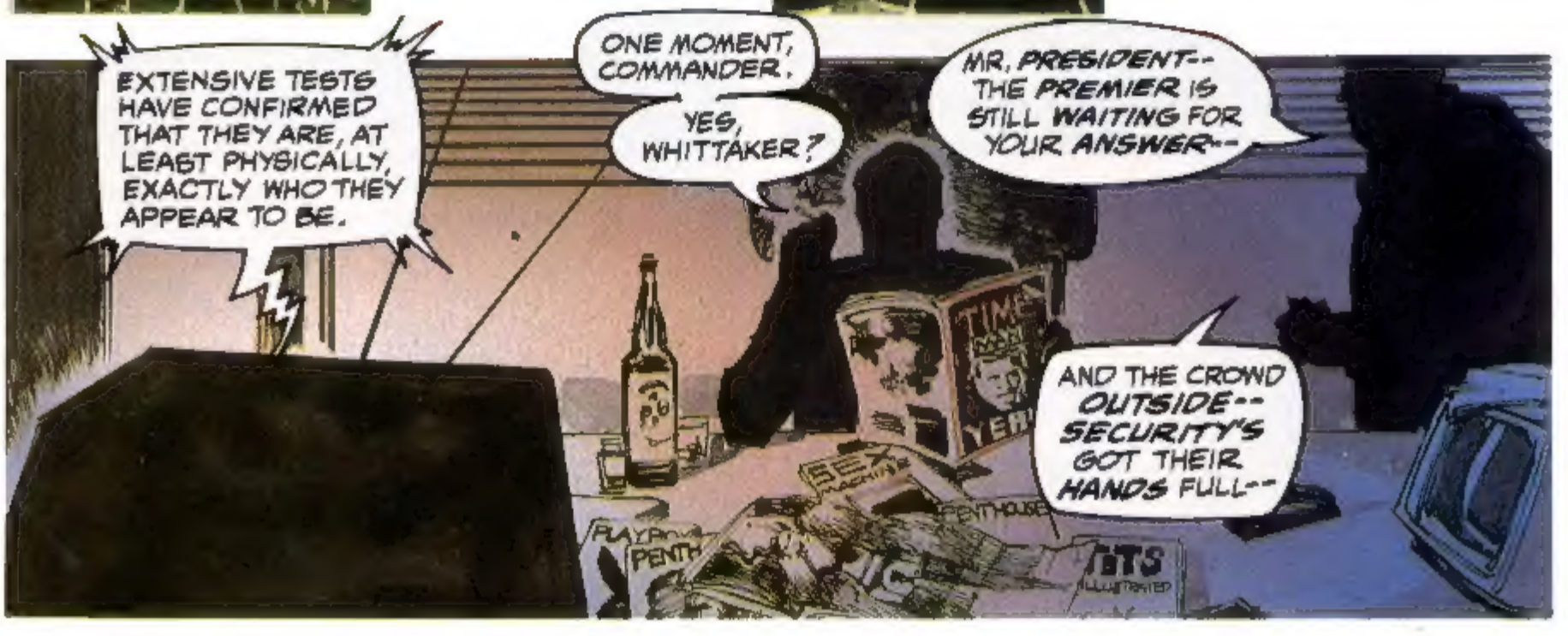
I HAD PURSUED THE TWO TO A WASHINGTON, D.C. STREET. THE WOMAN ASSAULTED ME.

I REMEMBER FEELING *DIZZY* AS WE FOUGHT-- HAVING *THOUGHTS* THAT WERE NOT MY *OWN*. THEN *GARRETT* SHOT ME--

--BUT TO AGENCY *CAMERAS*, IT APPEARED THAT THE *WOMAN* HAD BEEN STRUCK DOWN.

THIS *ILLUSION* LASTED EVEN *AFTER* I WAS PLACED ON *LIFE SUPPORT* AT THE AGENCY'S AIRBORNE CENTRAL COMMAND...

...WHERE IT *VANISHED*-- AS DID A SECOND SET OF *BRAIN WAVES*. LET ME ASSURE YOU, THOUGH, THAT THERE IS NO EVIDENCE OF ANY SUCH DISTORTION WITH OUR TWO PRISONERS.


EXTENSIVE TESTS HAVE CONFIRMED THAT THEY ARE, AT LEAST PHYSICALLY, EXACTLY WHO THEY APPEAR TO BE.
ONE MOMENT, COMMANDER.
YES, WHITTAKER?
MR. PRESIDENT-- THE *PREMIER* IS STILL *WAITING* FOR YOUR *ANSWER*--
AND THE CROWD *OUTSIDE*-- *SECURITY'S* GOT THEIR *HANDS* FULL--
TIME
SEX
PENTHOUSE
PLAYBOY
PENTH
BTS

...ANGRY CROWD HERE AT THE WHITE HOUSE...
...THE SOVIET PREMIER HAS BEEN SIGHTED AT THE WEST WING...
WAR IS DANGEROUS TO CHILDREN PARTLY
STOP WAR NOW
LUV
BAN THE BOMB
PEACE
GIVE A CHANCE
END WAR
LAKE LOVE NOT WAR
NO
...STILL NO WORD FROM PRESIDENT WIND...
CAN'T BELIEVE HE'D--
...TACTICAL NUCLEAR MISSILES ON FULL ALERT ON THE WEST GERMAN BORDER...
...WIND'S OWN SUPPORTERS ACCUSE HIM OF PROVOKING THE SOVIETS...
--VOTED FOR THAT SON OF A BITCH--
--LIED TO US--
--CAN'T BELIEVE HE'D LET THIG HAPPEN...

LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, MR. PRESIDENT. THOSE PEOPLE CAMPAIGNED FOR YOU-- PUT YOU IN OFFICE.
YOU HAVE A MANDATE...
I'VE A JOB TO DO, WHITTAKER.
I'LL CALL YOU IF I NEED YOU.

CONTINUE YOUR REPORT, COMMANDER.
YES, SIR...
HE'S KEPT THE PREMIER WAITING FOR ALMOST THREE HOURS! HE'S DARING THEM TO LAUNCH--
NEW STRATEGY. GOT TO BE. KEN WOULDN'T...
...HEY...
...WHEN'D HE START SMOKING?

...THE THIRD--AND MOST DANGEROUS--MEMBER OF THE ASSASSINATION CONSPIRACY, WAS GARRETT'S FORMER PARTNER--CYBORG AGENT ARTHUR PERRY.

AS THE SENATE INQUIRY REVEALED...

...OUR CYBORG DIVISION, EXTECHOP, RECRUITED CONVICTED CRIMINALS AS FIELD OPERATIVES.

PERRY, WAS, IN FACT, A PSYCHOPATH, A RAPIST, AND A SERIAL KILLER.

EXTECHOP ENGINEERS TRANSFORMED PERRY INTO A VIRTUALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE *LIVING WEAPON*. ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF PERRY'S ORIGINAL BODY WAS HIS DEMENTED *BRAIN*.

HIS EXACT *ROLE* IN THE ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE REMAINS A *MYSTERY*. PLEASE BEAR WITH ME AS I ATTEMPT TO RECONSTRUCT THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS ON ELECTION NIGHT.

AS YOU KNOW, SIR, THE STADIUM WAS *FILLED* WITH YOUR SUPPORTERS. THIS, OF COURSE, MADE YOU *DIFFICULT* TO PROTECT. WE EMPLOYED THE *LATEST* IN AGENCY TECHNOLOGY...

...YOU WERE *PROTECTED* BY NEWLY DEVELOPED LIGHTWEIGHT *BODY ARMOR*. YOU WERE NEVER MORE THAN *THREE FEET* AWAY FROM ARMED *AGENTS*.

HELICOPTER SQUADS, WITH LASER-SIGHT *GUNS* PRECISE ENOUGH TO PICK OFF ONE OF GARRETT'S *CIGARETTES*, MAINTAINED SURVEILLANCE.

I LED ONE HUNDRED UNDERCOVER OPERATIVES, IN THE CROWD. EACH OF US WORE DEVICES DESIGNED TO DETECT THE *CYBORG* ACTIVITY OF *GARRETT* OR *PERRY*.

YOU WERE STEPPING ON TO THE STAGE WHEN I PICKED UP GARRETT'S SIGNAL. I TRACKED HIM THROUGH THE CROWD...

OUT OF MY-- LET ME THROUGH--

WHAT'S SHE--

--A GUN, OH JESUS--

GUN SHE--

OH, GOD--

MOORE'S ICE CREAM

CHASTITY--

PRALINES AND CREAM.

LEMON SHERBET.

THUNK

CRAZY MY GOD--

GET OUT OF HERE--

NGGAA

THUNK

--ARROWS--

FECK--TAKE YOUR SHOT-- FECK--

HHNGGG

THUNK

ICE CREAM MAN--

--THE ICE CREAM MAN'S GOT A GUN--

GARRETT HAD DISGUISED HIMSELF AS AN ICE CREAM VENDOR, CONCEALING HIS GUNS INSIDE HIS CART. THE WOMAN-- WHO, WE LEARNED LATER, WAS HIDING BEHIND THE BLEACHERS, PINNED US DOWN WITH ARROWS AND THROWING STARS.

NOT PAYING ATTENTION. GET THAT SEQUENCE.

ONE THING AT A TIME. ONE THING AT A TIME.

SOMEHOW THE WOMAN SAW THROUGH OUR DISGUISES. ONLY SHIELD AGENTS WERE STRUCK DOWN.

YES...

WE LOST SIX AGENTS IN AS MANY SECONDS, MR. PRESIDENT.

...YES--THEY FELL, CLUTCHING THEIR EYES AND ARMS AND CHESTS--

--SCREAMING--

--FOUR MONTHS HAVE PASSED--

--FOUR MONTHS OF HISSING, GURGLING MACHINES--

--AND STILL THE MEMORY IS FRESH AND SWEET.

THEN, AS I WATCHED THE AGENTS DIE... FOUR MONTHS AGO...

...I HEARD A RUSTLE OF CLOTH--

--THERE WITH ME, BEHIND THE BLEACHERS--

--FROM LEATHER--

--SLIDING STEEL--

--THERE--FOUR MONTHS AGO--

--NINJA--

HHHNGG

--YES--

--THE MEMORY IS SWEET...

SUDDENLY, THE ATTACK ON US STOPPED. I PULLED THE ARROW FROM MY GUN AND FIRED ON GARRETT AS HE FIRED A ROCKET LAUNCHER AT YOU.

I SIGNALED AGENT MARKHAM TO GET YOU CLEAR--AND PRAYED

OWW GOD DAMN IT--

KA-BOOM

AS I LOOK OUT ON THIS TAPESTRY OF SEXUAL AND ETHNIC DIVERSITY--

--WHFF

GOT HIM--

--I GOT HIM--

GOOD, MARKHAM--

--COPTER FIVE --EXECUTE ESCAPE PLAN--

GOD DAMN IT, CHASITY--

KAK

--YOU JUST DON'T KNOW--

--YOU JUST DON'T KNOW--

WHNNGGG

--HE TAGGED CHASTITY--

--CHRIST GRAB HIM--

JESUS HE'S STRONG--

...INSPIRING OUTPOURING OF CONCERN...

HE'S IN.

COPTER FIVE-- THE POD'S READY FOR PICK-UP--

--CHASTITY-- HE'S UP--HE'S SAFE--

--CHASTITY-- DO YOU COPY?

GAAAA

NFF

GOD WHAT'S HAPPENING

WHAT'S HAPPENING

GARRETT YOU APE!...

GOD DAMN IT...

FOUR MONTHS AGO-- BEHIND THE BLEACHERS--

--ONE BY ONE--

--THE NINJA FELL--

--THEN--IN MY STOMACH--

--FOUR MONTHS AGO--

--BEHIND THE BLEACHERS--

--IN MY STOMACH--

--SUDDEN AGONY--

--CLAWS THAT RIPPED ME--

--FOUR MONTHS AGO--

--CLAWS THAT STABBED ME--

--WITHOUT TOUCHING ME--

--STENCH THAT FILLED MY THROAT--

--THE BEAST--

--BEHIND THE BLEACHERS--

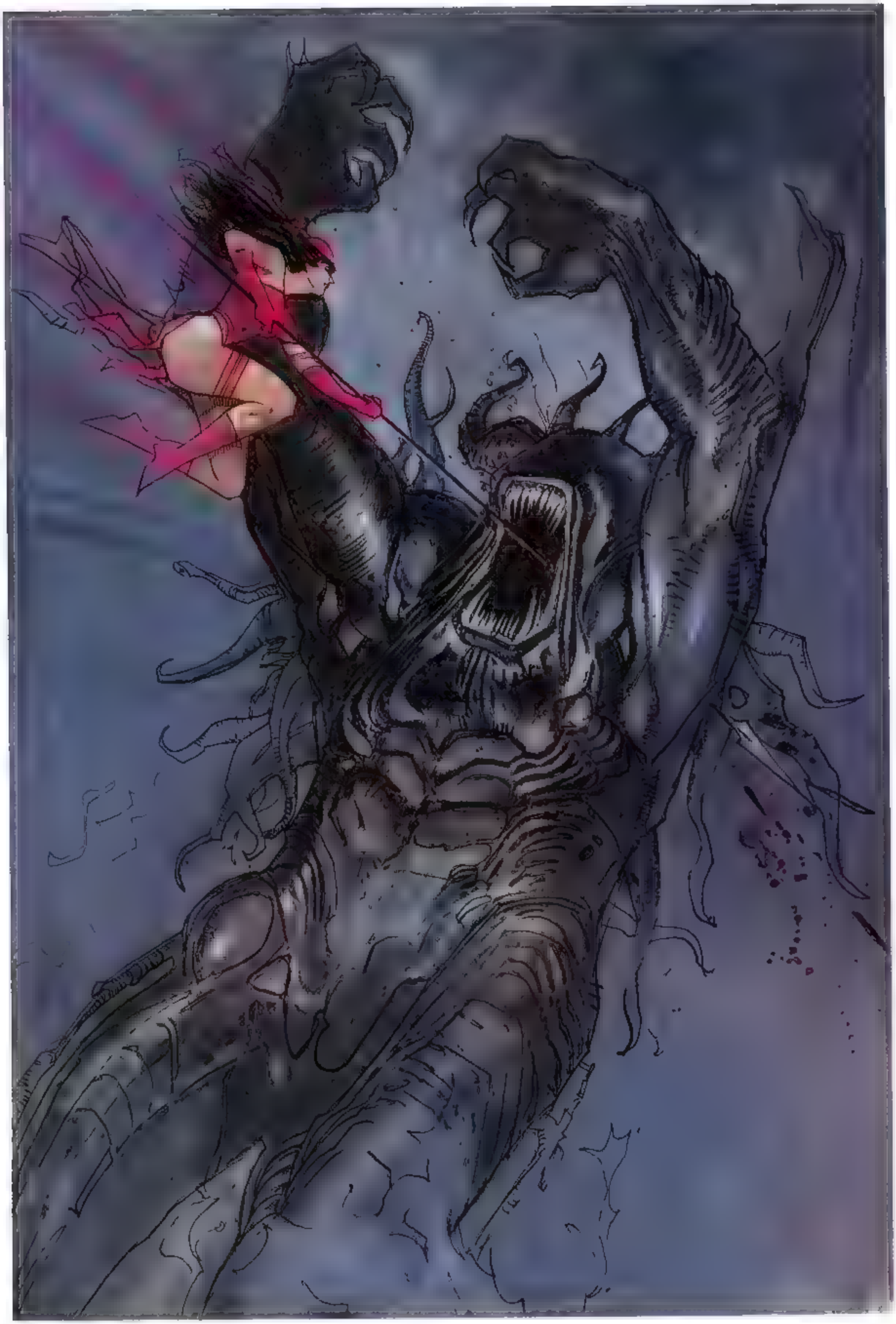
--THE BEAST-- HIS LAUGHTER GURGLED UP LIKE SEWAGE--

--A FALLEN ENEMY'S WEAPON--

-- WITHIN MY REACH--

--BEHIND THE BLEACHERS--

--FOUR MONTHS AGO...



I WAS BREAKING AWAY FROM THE AGENTS WHEN ELEKTRA COMMANDEERED MY MIND--

--AND USED MY ARM TO TOSS A GRENADE AT THE BLEACHERS.

WHAT THE HELL--

GET SOME ALTITUDE--

WOOO

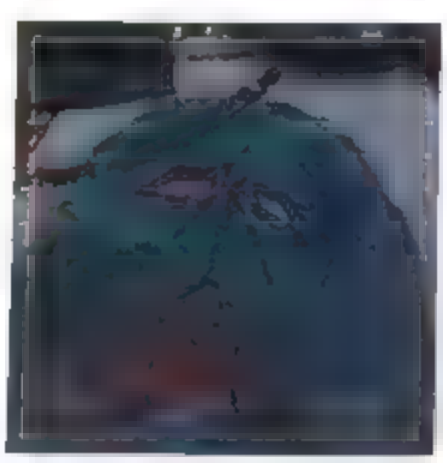
--ABOVE THE STADIUM--
--FOUR MONTHS AGO...

TIME
I FAILED TO SHOOT GARRETT IN THE HEAD, MR. PRESIDENT-- WHICH DUE TO HIS CYBORG CONSTRUCTION, WOULD BE THE ONLY WAY TO KILL HIM...

...BEFORE EXTECHOP PIONEERED THE CYBORG SUPER-AGENT, OUR CLONING DIVISION SOUGHT TO BREED THEM.
THESE CREATURES WERE THE BEST THEY COULD DO...
LOOK WHO'S TALKING. LOOK WHO'S TALKING.

...PERRY BEFRIENDED ONE DWARF, WHO AIDED IN PERRY'S ESCAPE FROM SHIELD AIRBORNE CENTRAL COMMAND--

--SHOWING, ALONG THE WAY, MOTOR SKILLS FAR BEYOND THE NORMAL CAPACITY OF ITS SUBSPECIES.



A CHECK OF ITS CODE DISCLOSED THAT MUTATED REPTILE AND RODENT CELLS WERE EMPLOYED IN ITS GENERATION. HENCE, THIS PARTICULAR DWARF'S ABILITY TO FLY...

FOUR MONTHS AGO...

...IN THE STADIUM...

SIMPSON! GIVE ME THAT ROCKET PACK-- THEY'RE GETTING AWAY--

CHASTITY, UP. THERE. IT'S A FLYING DWARF.

ABOVE THE STADIUM...

ELEKTRA. OVER THERE. IT'S A FLYING DWARF.

YOU ATTACKED THE MASTER. THE LORD

YOU DREW HIS BLOOD, WITH THIS SPEAR.

HE WILL LIVE. HE WILL ALWAYS LIVE.

YOU WILL DIE.

FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP

BELOW...

SIMPSON-- WHAT'S WRONG WITH--

KRAKK

PERRY.

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, CHAS.

PERRY HAD PULLED SIMPSON'S HEART OUT AND BROKEN JURGENS NECK. SOMEHOW, NONE OF US HAD HEARD THE SIGNAL FROM OUR DETECTORS.

PERRY MOVED TOWARD ME, GIGGLING...

ABOVE...

OWW. YOU LITTLE SHIT--

THE BEAST IS POWER.

THE BEAST IS MAGIC.

THE BEAST IS THE BEGINNING.

THE BEAST IS THE EN--

KHANG

THUNK

BELOW...

WISH I HAD THE TIME, CHAS,

ORDERS. YOU KNOW.

ABOVE...

...I GRABBED THE CABLE AND PULLED IT RIGHT TOWARD US.

SHE DID THE REST.

WHEN IT STOPPED SQUEALING, I HEARD THE ROCKET PACK.

I LOOKED DOWN EXPECTING TO SEE CHASTITY DOING AN IMPERSONATION OF SALLY FIELD.

IT WASN'T CHASTITY.

CHUCK. NASTY.

LITTLE SHIT GOT ME AROUND GOOD.

BRAK

BEEyow

SPHU

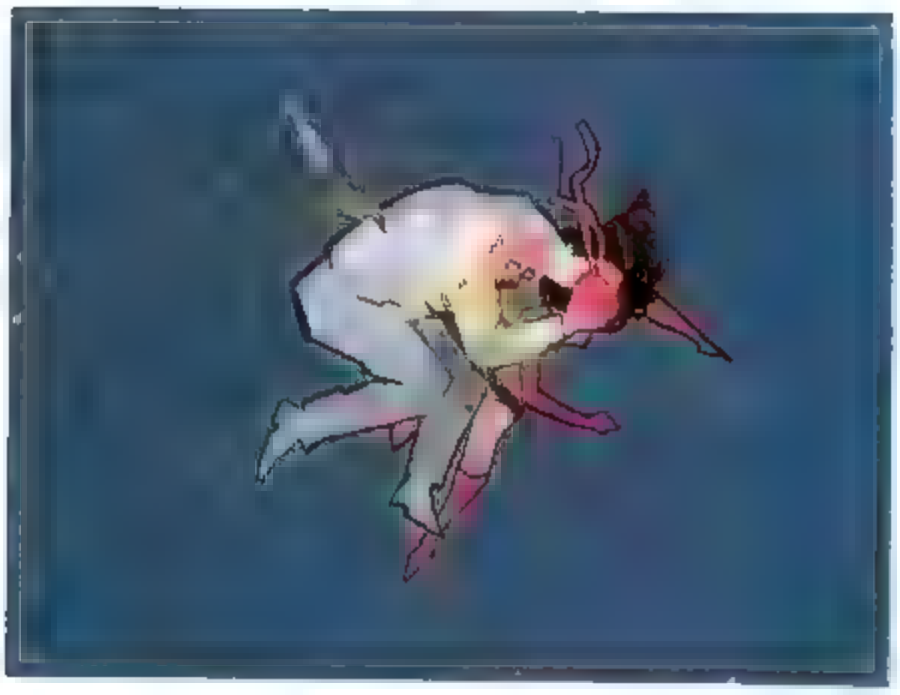
VVIPPPPP

GARR. PAL. BUDDY. HEY. GETTING ANY?

THLINK

SSS

ZAKKKKT



THE GRENADES WENT *UP.*

THEN THE *FUEL TANK.*

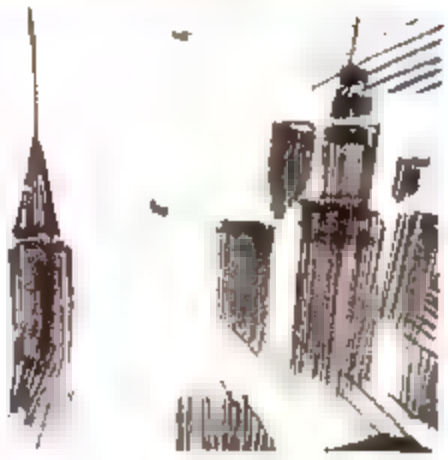
PLASTIC BUBBLED ACROSS MY BACK.

ABOVE THE CITY--

FOUR MONTHS AGO...

THE COPTER STRUCK *PERRY* AND DEMOLISHED ITSELF NEAR THE *LINCOLN MEMORIAL.*

SINCE YOUR *ESCAPE POD* WAS *ATTACHED* TO THE COPTER, MR. PRESIDENT--



--RETRIEVING YOU WAS CLEARLY THE PRIORITY.

OUR GROUND CREW WAS EQUIPPED WITH THE WEAPONRY THAT *EXTECHOP* GUARANTEED WOULD BE *EFFECTIVE* AGAINST PERRY...

PRELIMINARY TESTS ON THE ALLOYS THAT COMPOSED PERRY'S *SKELETON* LEFT US LITTLE HOPE OF DOING DIRECT STRUCTURAL DAMAGE--

--BUT WE WERE ASSURED THAT HIS PLASTIC *SKIN* WOULD BE VULNERABLE TO SUSTAINED *LASER* FIRE.

PERRY'S *OWN* LASER CAPABILITY WAS COUNTERED WITH *BODY ARMOR.* NO DEFENSE AGAINST HIS *PHYSICAL* STRENGTH COULD BE PREPARED.

MOST IMPORTANT OF OUR EQUIPMENT WAS OUR *PARTICLE CANNON,* DESIGNED TO CANCEL OUT PERRY'S *INTERNAL GENERATOR* WITH A CONCENTRATED STREAM OF *PROTONS.*

THE WH TE HOUSE.

NOW.

MR. PRESIDENT, THE PREMIER SAYS--

HAVE THIS TRANSLATED AND GIVE IT TO H.M.

T WAS THEN THAT WE ... ...WELL, SIR, WE ENCOUNTERED A *MONSTER*...

SIR, NEW CONDITIONS AT THIS STAGE.

SIR, ARE YOU SURE?

...I KNOW IT SOUNDS *RIDICULOUS*, MR. PRESIDENT...

TELL HIM HE CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

..BUT AS WE APPROACHED THE *LINCOLN MEMORIAL*...

...BUT I *WASN'T* DEAD, SO I GOT UP.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

IT SMELLED OF BURNING *FUEL*--

--AND ROTTEN *MAYONNAISE*.

SIRENS WERE WAILING, CLOSING IN.

FOR THE LONGEST TIME I JUST LAY THERE, LISTENING TO MY CHEST SPUTTER...

MAYONNAISE.

SON OF A BITCH...

NGGNN SON OF A B TCH...

KRKKK

HAVING TROUBLE *THINKING*, GARRETT?

HAVING TROUBLE *BREATHING*?

...*KILL* YOU YOU SON OF A BITCH...

SNAP!

GGNAAAAA

KRAK!

A *HEARTENING* GESTURE OF SUPPORT.

TRULY.

CHASTITY'S VOICE CRACKS A LITTLE...

...YES, MR. PRESIDENT, A *MONSTER*. I CAN'T TH NK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO CALL IT. WE WERE APPROACHING THE *LINCOLN MEMORIAL*...

JESUS. WHAT'S THAT *GREEN SHIT?*

SMELLS LIKE--

GAS MASKS. AND NO *PROFANITY*.

OVERTIME.

HEAR *PERRY* GIGGLING IN THERE...

CHASTITY-- I CAN STILL *SMELL* IT!

THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*...

BONUS.

QUIET. BRING THE *CANNON* UP.

FARBER. GET ME AN *ANALYSIS* OF THE *GAS*.

EASTMAN. CALL THE *COPTERS*. GET SOME *OXYGEN HOSES* DOWN HERE--

THEN MR. PRESIDENT-- EVERYTHING STOPPED MAKING *SENSE*. *FARBER* JUST *GURGLED* AND PITCHED *OVER*. AND *EASTMAN*-- S R, HIS *HEAD* EXPLODED... YES, SIR... IT JUST *EXPLODED*...

...AND I--EXCUSE ME, SIR?..., THE GAS? WELL, IT SMELLED... NO, SIR, EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I'M RATHER FOND OF MAYONNAISE... IT WAS JUST THEN, SIR, THAT I FELT *CLAWS* DIG INTO MY *CHEST*-- LIKE A WILD *ANIMAL'S*--

GOD, IT'S--

EASTMAN-- HIS GOD DAMN *HEAD*--

OH JESUS--

OH JESUS, *KELLEY*--

INFRARED-- GET ME INFRARED--

THERE'S SOMETHING-- SOMETHING HERE--

BUT--

--BUT IT'S COLD, CHASTITY--

--I'VE GOT IT ON THE SCOPE--

--BUT IT'S SO COLD IT READS NEGATIVE--

--IT-- GOD--

EXPLODED

MARX

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE MARX EXPLODED--

INSIDE...

PERRY YOU ASSHOLE...

...YOU JUST DON'T KNOW...

ABOUT KEN WIND? MY MAN KEN WIND?

I KNOW ALL ABOUT KEN WIND, GARR.

GAAAA

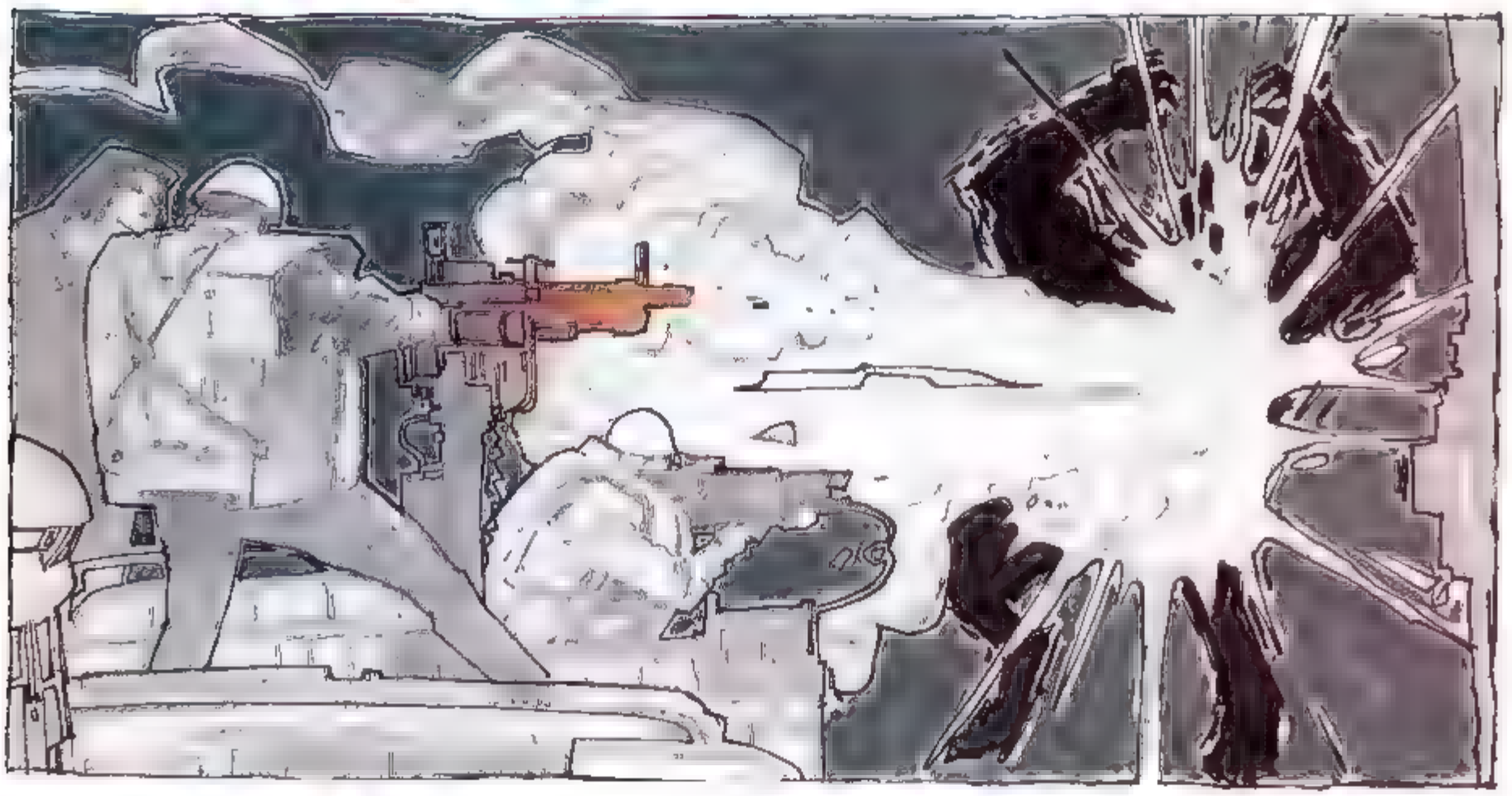
AND THE BEAST-- RIGHT NOW HE'S ACING CHASTITY AND THE BOYS, BUD.

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE BEAST AND THAT MILK THAT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE YOU GOT THE BALLS OF EVERY SHIT WHO EVER MADE YOU CRAWL RIGHT IN YOUR HAND...

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW VALIDATED THIS MAKES ME FEEL.

SHIT. YEAH.

I ORDERED WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE TEAM TO CONCENTRATE ***LASER FIRE*** ON THE MONSTER. IT SCREAMED--, F THAT'S THE WORD FOR IT--THE ***STENCH*** GOT ***WORSE***-- WE KEPT F RING...



...THE NEXT TH NG I KNEW I WAS LYING LNCONSCIOUS ON THE GROLND. PETERSEN AND I, AND SEVERAL WEAPONS MAINTENANCE DWARFS, HAD SLRVIVED... EXCUSE ME, MR. PRES.DENT?...

...NO, SIR, WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK AT ALL .N DETERM N NG WHAT IT WAS WE FOUGHT. I AM HOPEFJL, HOWEVER, THAT WE MAY HAVE ***DESTROYED*** IT.

IN ANY CASE, PETERSEN, MYSELF, AND THE DWARFS ENTERED THE MEMORIAL...
DESTROYED IT? NOT A ***CHANCE***, CHASTITY. NOTHING ***COULD.***
BUT YOU CHASED IT ***AWAY.***
ELEKTRA, SHE DID WHAT GOT ***DONE--*** ***BEFORE*** YOU MADE IT INSIDE...

...BY THEN THERE WASN'T ***SHIT*** LEFT OF ME. I WAS GOOD AS DEAD AND ***BEGGING*** TO DIE ...

...***LET*** KEN WIND DROP THE BIG ONE--

--***LET*** HIM JUST LET ME ***DIE***--

--AND THEN A ***HISS*** ECHOED THROUGH THE MEMORIAL-- MY ***HEAD*** WAS ROLLING AROUND WHEREVER IT ***WANTED*** TO-- I GOT ANOTHER LOOK AT ***LINCOLN***--

--ONE AT THE ***FLOOR***--

--AND THEN I ***SAW*** HER...

Ben Dickson 1990

INSIDE THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.
FOUR MONTHS AGO.

THERE IS A MAN I MUST KILL.

THERE IS METAL IN MY PATH.

METAL *BOILED* IN *CAULDRONS* AND MIXED BY *COMPUTERS.*

METAL *STAMPED* INTO *SHAPE* BY CLANKING *MACHINES.*

THERE IS METAL IN MY HANDS.

METAL MADE *SOFT BY FIRE--*

--FOLDED AND *FLATTENED* BY A HUNDRED THOUSAND *HAMMER* BLOWS--

--FOLDED, FLATTENED, PATIENTLY, LOVINGLY, ENDLESSLY...

...UNTIL EACH OF ITS MILLION LAYERS IS THINNER THAN AIR...

...UNTIL ITS *EDGE* IS THINNER THAN AIR...

...SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT THROUGH *ANYTHING--*

--MADE IN CAULDRONS--

--BY COMPUTERS.

THAT'S RIGHT, ELEKTRA CUT THROUGH THE TOUGHEST ALLOYS SHIELD COULD MAKE--

--WITH A GOD DAMNED SAMURAI SWORD.

BEAKER MUST'VE BEEN SPINNING IN HIS GRAVE.

THEN CACKLING, A MOMENT LATER...

YOU BITCH.

THWAK

ALL THE WHILE I TRIED TO GET THROUGH TO HER--

--TELL HER NOT TO LET PERRY GET HIS HEAD BACK--

CHUNK

--GOOD, BABY--

LITTLE WHORE.

I GOT FRIENDS.

THEY'LL PUT ME BACK TOGETHER--

KIK

--BABY-- HIS BRAIN--

GET TO HIS

AAAA

KRUNCH

IT PAINS ME TO IMPEDE THIS FREE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS-- GARRETT-- --AND I HOPE YOU BELIEVE THAT I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR CONCERNS-- --BUT I CAN'T LET YOU IMPACT ON MY PLANS.

--THEY'LL PUT ME BACK TOGETHER--

--BUT YOU--

--WON'T EVEN FIND THE PIECES YOU WHORE.

EAT THIS--

SHK-VP ZORK

GGNAAA

WOAH HEY.

GOOD SHOT, BUNNY--

--BUT TOO LATE--

BYOW!

STUPID
LET THE BODY
GET CLOSE--
SHKKK
--AT LEAST I KNOW--
--WHERE HE IS--
MY HAND!
--YOU'RE REALLY PISSING ME OFF!
NO--
AK!
--THE SWORD STOPS--TOO SOON--
--THE SWORD--
--CARRIES THE SHOCK--
--A MOMENT OF DARKNESS--
--SOMETHING SPLINTERS--
HEAR THAT, BITCH?
THAT WAS YOUR LEG.
HYUH. NEXT UP IS YOUR SPINE.
--MY SPINE--
--SLOWLY--
--HE'S BREAKING IT--SO SLOWLY--

--SO HIS BRAIN GARRETT SAID

WHRRR

HIS BRAIN

HIS BRAIN

SWIFTLY BEFORE HE CAN GUESS

STAB

ZORK

STAB--FINGERS LIKE A *COBRA*--

--UP--

--THROUGH--

--HIS NECK--

--THROUGH THE WIRES--

--THROUGH THE TUBES--

--UP--

--FIND IT--

--YES--

--KILL IT--

--AT *LAST*, SOFT FLESH.

THE BODY CLATTERS FROM ME.

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. SOLDIERS. SECONDS AWAY.

SECONDS WILL BE ENOUGH.

LOOK AT HIM, GARRETT.

HE DOESN'T *SPEAK*.

HE DOESN'T *RUN*.

WE HAVE *NON*.

KILL HIM, BABY. THEN...

KILL ME...

...BABY... ...THEY'LL SEND ME *BACK*...

...KILL ME...

BRAIN...

...KILL ME HONEY HURRY UP THEY'RE ALMOST HERE...

HIS BRAIN...

...BABY...

...NO.

NO.

NO

SHE SAID NO.

FOUR MONTHS AGO.

...AND NOW SHE'S SMALL AND BLUE AND SHE'S JUST FLATTENED CHASTITY.

I WATCH IT ON THE SCREEN.

FROM HERE. IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

CHASTITY'S BREATHING. ELEKTRA KEPT HER PROMISE.

SHE KNOWS HOW MUCH I ENJOY HAVING CHASTITY SALUTE ME.

SHE PLUCKS THE SENSORS OUT, ONE BY ONE, AND GIVES THE DWARF ITS OWN LITTLE MIND BACK...

BEEN A LONG WAIT, HASN'T IT, HONEY?...

...SINCE YOU SWAPPED MINDS WITH GRUMPY THERE...

...AND SWAPPED KEN WIND'S MIND WITH MINE.

FOUR MONTHS...

...TO MAKE SURE THE AGENCY HADN'T TIPPED TO THE WHOLE ACT...

YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF NOW, DOLL--

--I'M SURE BREAKING OUT OF THE BASE WON'T BE TOO HARD FOR YOU--

--YOU TAKE CARE OF *YOURSELF*-- AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE *COUNTRY.*

RIGHT NOW THEY'RE BRINGING THAT *SOVIET* BASTARD IN TO SIGN THE NEW *TREATY*--

--I *KNEW* THE SON OF A BITCH WOULD FOLD--

--YOU SEE, HE THINKS I'M *CRAZY.*

AND I'M THE *PRESIDENT.*

SO I'VE GOT THE *BOX.*

DAMN *STRAIGHT.*